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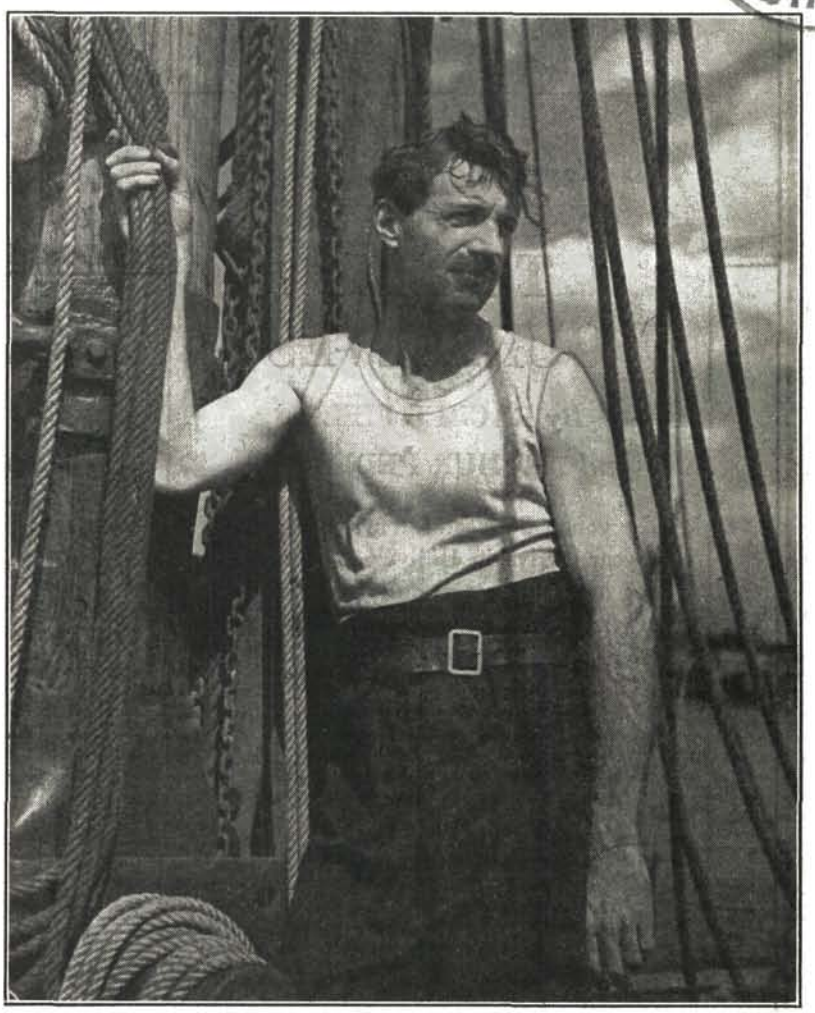

STUART CLOETE

"It is the very stuff of life, of the stubborn, strenuous life which pits itself against the wilderness, which sees death as merely an incident in its progress, which never wearies of its struggle". . .

(See page 5)

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MEMOIR OF "AE"

By JOHN EGLINTON

HERE is the authorized life of AE (George William Russell), told so far as possible by means of his letters. AE was a voluminous letter-writer and Mr. Eglinton had a large number from which he could select those indicating movements and changes in AE's life and mind.

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[*Published Nov. 9th*]

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY IN MADRID

Hemingway and the Critics

BY ELLIOT PAUL

WHEN a book by Ernest Hemingway is published it should be received gladly. He is a talented artist, one of the best we have. Nothing he has written has been without interest. Some readers like one short story better than another. Personally I prefer "Hills Like White Elephants." And of the novels I think the new one "To Have and Have Not" is by far the best—style, subject matter, dialogue, and all. That is not the point. What I mean to say is that he is entitled to respectful consideration. Instead, a considerable portion of the reviewers become surly, flippant, in some cases insulting. Harry Hansen says Hemingway "has turned himself into a hack," Herschel Brickell "sees no reason why intelligent readers of fiction should bother with the book," Louis Kronenberger calls into question Hemingway's intelligence and states that the writer does not "understand" a woman he himself created.

One of the stuffiest and most tedious writers of a generation of bores in England finds Hemingway's "raucous and swaggering masculinity" "rather tiresome." Obscure young journeymen come up with remarks like these: "Almost everything that can be wrong with a novel is wrong with this one." " 'To Have and Have Not' is essentially an empty book." "As real as a sewer."

Sinclair Lewis, who (all Swedes to the contrary) has never done anything mildly approaching Hemingway's least work, to whom Hemingway's intensity and artistry could never be possible, sounds off in a way that must disgust even his closest friends and his family. One columnist who has been around enough to know better comments on Hemingway's "excessive use of alley talk." Such phrases as "just a great big boy at heart . . . and mind," "as a thinking being he has a very great deal to learn," "evidence of no mental growth whatever," "mental innocence," come from men who have by no means distinguished themselves as thinkers. Of course, the public pays no attention to these disgruntled professionals but buys the book merrily, enjoys it, and understands it. Nevertheless, the manifestation of bad taste and unfairness meted out to Hemingway by those who are paid to keep the public informed is disgusting. No other American writer would be subjected to such an impertinent barrage, no matter what he published. The same men who carp about the degree of greatness of a sincere and sensitive writer whose talents are no longer in question, each week are extraordinarily gentle with the most abject tripe. No one is deceived.

Of course, a few modest men saw the worth of "To Have and Have Not" and disdained to amplify the absurd legends that have been published in news columns about Hemingway's personality and his activities. Charles Poore, Malcolm Cowley, Lewis Gannett, Granville Hicks, even *Time Magazine*, were appreciative. It is to their credit.

It may be too late, in view of the misinformation that has been circulated about Hemingway for years, to say that he is a shy and diffident man, eager for appreciation and constructive criticism, not at all sure of himself, a gay companion, and a loyal friend. It is true that he is a good boxer, an expert fisherman, and an accomplished tennis player, but like most men who know how to handle themselves, he is not at all belligerent, never ostentatious, in fact, conspicuously gentle and considerate. Hemingway does not seek personal publicity. He abhors it, but having been a reporter off and on for years, he feels obliged to be accommodating to other newspapermen, and many times they have taken unfair advantage of his kindness.

"To Have and Have Not" must mean a great deal to Hemingway. I cannot go along with those who believe that he hates most of his characters. Quite to the contrary. He is almost dangerously fond of them. There is not a writer in America who treats his people with such extraordinary, almost feminine, delicacy or who is capable of so many shades of meaning, in the lines and between them.

Harry Morgan, the hero of "To Have and Have Not," has the qualities which characterized the builders of this nation in happier days. He is strong and courageous, ambitious and proud. Men respect and fear him. He lets nothing stand in his way. He would not harm a fly unless it seemed imperative to do so. To his wife he is loyal and affectionate, and she loves him and follows him unquestioningly. Other women are frightened and attracted by his force and virility. He is poor but resourceful, and instead of choosing a moderate and conservative path (such as running a filling station) he wants to take greater risks for greater gain.

This giant of Key West does not expect to own a railroad or a steel foundry, thus controlling the destinies of thousands of his fellow men and adding to the might and renown of the U.S.A. He does not dream of cornering wheat and driving his rivals to suicide. He lives in our own time, in our own country. The epoch of great industrial conquest is passed. He hopes, instead, to keep his wife and his two daughters from going hungry. There is open to him at a crucial moment in his career, a relief job paying six dollars and a half a week. That would keep starvation from his home but not hunger, so he does not take it.

With odd jobs, such as serving on the police force and fishing in another man's

Next Week

NEWS AND REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

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boat he gets a motor boat of his own, and when tourists flock to Havana to try to catch the big fighting fish Morgan takes them out and tries to show them how. He earns thirty-five dollars a day, the standards of living in his family improve. What brings him to his awful death is a daring attempt, after many dignified failures, to recoup his fortunes. There is no need of the mumbo jumbo of Marxian phraseology to point out the differences in opportunity between the pioneer days and the present or the dangers and terrors lurking in our wasteful decaying civilization. Hemingway has been reproached for violence which is inherent in the life he so honestly and shrewdly observes. His accurate ear makes it seem ridiculous to delete and falsify the words ordinary Americans use daily for emphasis and to mark the climaxes of their speech. Surely the bar-room scene with the war veterans ranks with the Cyclops episode in Ulysses and the orgy in Farrell's "Studs Lonigan." Reviewers who are shocked by expressive words and disgusted by violent scenes were born too early or too late and should, for the sake of their health and the public's convenience, take up some other line of work more sheltered.

Concerning the touching episode revealed by a conversation between Harry Morgan and his wife in bed, the divergence of opinion becomes slightly ludicrous. Herschel Brickell writes that it is "so far on the indecent side that it is not even possible to suggest what it is about," while Clifton Fadiman describes the same passage as "a conversation as beautiful as it is unashamed. . . . Just three pages . . . unforgettable." George Stevens says, "There is an excellent two-page scene between Harry and his wife, written in human terms."

Reviewers are unanimous, however, in believing that Hemingway dislikes Richard Gordon and the typical array of well-to-do or wealthy men and women who have money and, even with that, are unable to live enjoyably. I must enter a lonely protest. I have read and reread the parts about Gordon, and it seems to me Hemingway is sorrier for him than for anyone else in the book. Gordon wants peace of mind as desperately as Morgan wants money for his family. He is unsuccessful in his philandering, his wife wounds his self-esteem by reciting all his shortcomings and her discontents. He writes badly and knows it and suffers accordingly. He cannot even find relief in drink. Strangers sock him on the jaw. His rival takes him home and pities him.

It would seem at first glance that Mrs. Laughton, who loiters in Freddy's bar, is vulgar and futile, but her quick discernment concerning Morgan and her breathless "Gee, he is beautiful" raises her for a brief moment, as Harry is going to his death, to the level of a Saint Veronica.

To comment adequately on the poignant moments and scenes, to dwell upon the frightful implications that comfortable folk can ignore little longer, to pay tribute to the beauty and human understanding in Hemingway's derided masterpiece would take more words than are contained in the book itself. I am confident this will be done in due time. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that Hemingway will not be discouraged or depressed, that he will know there are many who are grateful to him and are looking forward eagerly to his next book.

Cowley finds Hemingway not as "great" as Tolstoy or Thomas Mann but "perhaps as good" as Mark Twain. Stevens thinks Jules Romains did a better job in "The Proud and the Meek." Some commentators are sure "To Have and Have Not" is not as good as "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," others place it between them. Such comparisons are permissible but quite pointless. How would it seem if I said that I do not consider Clifton Fadiman, Louis Kronenberger, or Herschel Brickell to be in the class with Coleridge, Sainte-Beuve, or Ralph Waldo Emerson but that they were perhaps as good as Mencken, and surely much better than Dr. Joseph Collins?

Elliot Paul is the author of "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town," a recent Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Memorial for a Master Builder

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

AND when it was complete,
That monument of his intellectual strength,
That great grey tower
That lifts too high for craning men in the street
To see its top or guess its master's power—
Then, at length

Then, on a day
As he strolled by
He noted with half an eye
That the corner-foundation at the south-west
Had sunk a little way.
And for him the whole vast edifice seemed to sway
And its whole weight was for a moment on his breast.

Who could have guessed
That deep down under the city
There was mud, there was slime?—
No foundation, nothing to build on;
And no gods to cry out to, in that time;
And from mankind, no pity.

Thereafter
He haunted the corridors of his admired structure
Like a perturbed ghost.
He was there at noon, he was there at midnight,
Awaiting the possible fall
That he might perish with it—
He who had suffered most,
He who had suffered all.

And when beneath his famous tower, the multitude
Of rich and poor smiled, and the violins
And flutes and cellos loosed their eloquent power
And the conductor bowed to the applause—
He heard another music.
He paced the corridors, weighing his sins;
He wandered in the shadows of the lost,
Intent upon the agony of his hour
And upon Earth's inexorable laws.

He is dead now.
The troubled brow
Makes on the shaken heart no more demands.
But the great will
Is undefeated still:
His tower still stands.

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Food and Fate

MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY. By C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

THIS volume is an apt combination of the knowledge of a former instructor in nutrition in the University of Minnesota, S. M. Furnas, with the journalistic aptitude for interesting facts and attractive expression exhibited by her husband, C. C. Furnas, author of "The Next Hundred Years." It is not a mere handbook, but it does contain all of the facts that are important for every one to know in relationship to food and its uses. These facts are documented in some twenty-three pages of footnotes and bibliographic references which are appended to the volume. Mingled with this information are some profound philosophic comments on psychology, economics, sociology, history, and literature, which indicate how completely the food supply is intermingled with every phase of human activity. Whereas many books on diet represent just a solid meal, including meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, and eggs, "Man, Bread and Destiny" is by contrast a ten course banquet with suitable alcoholic stimulants and sedatives en route from soup to nuts.

This interesting book, and I mean interesting to the advanced reader for it is no simplification of science for the unenlightened—explains how the food supply was associated with the disappearance of the Neanderthaler and the coming of the Cro-magnon. It explains the passing of the Cro-magnons, and the change from the stone age to the iron age. It traces the rise of our modern knowledge of nutrition and tells the significance of the basal metabolism test. It lists champions in the food field, including gastronomic giants and the peers in the field of starvation. There are some solid chapters about the proteins, the minerals, and the vitamins, all considerably pepped up with hypodermic injections of biology and history.

Much of the book is devoted to debunking the relationships of foods to mentality and stamina. The association of food customs with fanatical theories of life is fully exposed. It is here related that Oscar Tschirky of the Waldorf prefers boiled beef with horse radish sauce and boiled potato to some of the intricate concoctions on the menu of the Empire Room. Just how much of this is authentic I personally do not know, but if I were the manager of the Waldorf I would have something to say about the animadversions on the prices of the food. It is said that Jacques Gesell of the Hotel New Yorker prefers an Irish stew made by his wife to most of the appetizing assemblages of the hotel's kitchen. This also needs some verification. It appears that the Furnases are firm adherents of fortification of foods for nutritional enhancement, rather than complete replacement of natural products by artificial or synthetic ones. Actually, of course, we do not yet know enough to completely encourage either of these procedures. They advocate fortification of cereals with iron, not realizing that already many such fortified cereals are available. Their investigation of the available periodical and book literature in the field of foods is so profound and extensive, that I miss particularly any reference to the published pronouncements of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association, which has for some years set forth some excellent principles for the protection of the public, the nutritionist, and the physician.

However, let not these critical comments dissuade you from reading what is perhaps the most readable book on foods and their effects now available. It is food for thought in every sense, and, unlike many a patented composition purveyed as a perfect food, it is most palatable.

Morris Fishbein is the author of "Your Diet and Your Health."

"Voorwarts, Voorwarts"

THE TURNING WHEELS. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MR. CLOETE (pronounced Clewty) is, according to his publishers, a former Coldstream Guardsman who has written much and published little. He was smashed up in the war and, to facilitate his recovery, settled as a farmer in the South Africa of his paternal ancestors. Fifteen years of veldt life and the enforced leisure of convalescence permitted endless experiment in composition and turned the soldier-farmer into a practised and powerful storyteller. Now his skill is lavished upon this novel of the Great Trek of 1836, that large migration which carried the Boers, discontented with the social and economic innovations of the English in Cape Colony, into the promised land, brimming with fruit and honey and also with hostile savages, which lay on the other side of the Vaal.

From the jacket of "The Turning Wheels."

It is a robust tale, as strong as the stout-bodied Voortrekkers whose deeds it celebrates. It may revolt delicate stomachs, but it is the very stuff of life, of the stubborn, strenuous life which pits itself against the unbroken wilderness, which sees death as merely an incident in its progress, which never wearies of its struggle. It is racy with adventure. Kaffirs attack, and their kraals are raided. Bands of wandering Zulus exterminate whole villages. Game is slaughtered by the hecatomb. The elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros battle for their lives. The lone huntsman enters the duel with the maddened buffalo. And through it all Hendrik van der Berg leads his followers in their cumbersome wagons, with their families and their cherished herds of cattle—to the Canaan beyond the range, where each man may cultivate his own Boer instinct for independence. Once there, they begin the new struggle, the subduing of the soil, the hopeful attempt to turn the luxurious, unruly verdure of Africa into the ordered fields and pastures of the Dutch farmer. But nature is too prolific. Its yield is too easy, too confusing. With insidious generosity it gives too much both of good and evil. Fever, insects, weeds are more cunning foes than Kaffirs and Zulus. They bring with them a disintegration of body and spirit fatal to the first generation. Only the sons and the grandsons can meet these trials.

Mr. Cloete knows his people. The domestic drama of their lives he unfolds with the realism that comes only from sure knowledge. Their slow, sullen passions, their dogged hatreds and stubborn loves, their unimaginative trustfulness—these he has understood and these are the basic materials out of which he builds this stalwart saga of South African conquest. His style has the simplicity and the forthrightness of Defoe's, to which is added a touch of hearty, but never heavy, humor not to be found in "Captain Singleton." His characters are nobly conceived and patiently wrought, so that they gain in power and in reality as the story moves forward. They are both warriors and farmers, even the women, and in them are mixed the traits of each. Daily they are heroes in the field, but, as they look at the rusted plowshares tied under their wagons, their hearts swell with the homely yearnings of the peasant.

See page 18 for further biographical information about Stuart Cloete.

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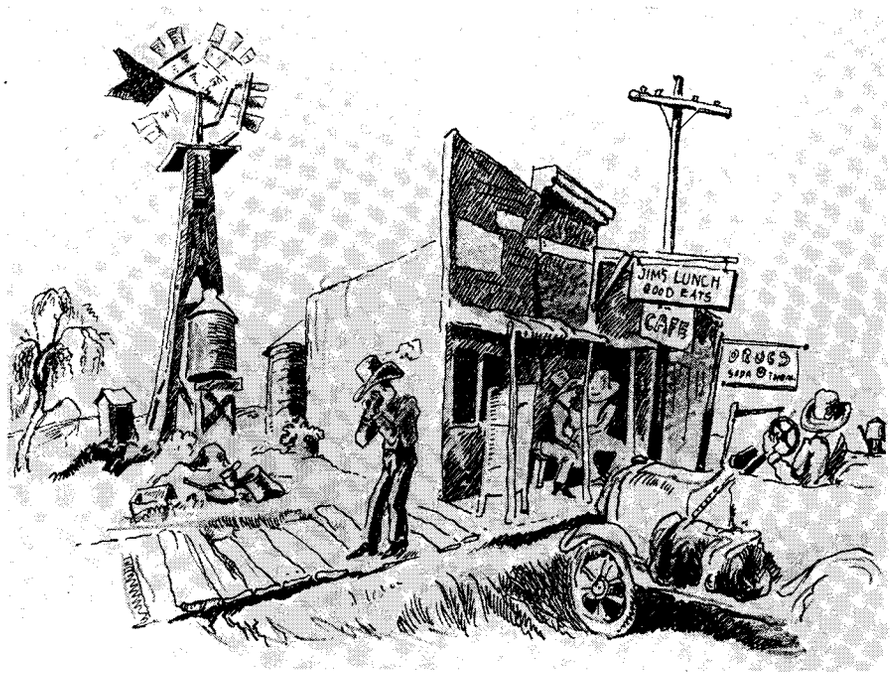

JIM'S LUNCH. *Drawing by Thomas H. Benton, from "An Artist in America."*

Hard-Hitting Artist

AN ARTIST IN AMERICA. By Thomas H. Benton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by GRANT WOOD

WITH the pungent, authentic record of American life he has created in four major wall projects, Thomas Hart Benton has made himself the most important mural painter in the United States today. He has also entered into more controversy, shocked more sensibilities, and aroused more vituperative criticism than any living American artist. It is not surprising, then, that his autobiography, "An Artist in America," is both vigorous and provocative. You may frequently disagree, you may be disgusted by its fundamental philosophy or lack of philosophy, but you are not likely to be indifferent to this book.

Benton begins by sketching briefly the main episodes in his life up to the 1920's: his Huck Finn boyhood in southwestern Missouri; his debut as a young "genius" at the Chicago art institute; the years of painting in Paris where he floundered in "all the winds and isms of the time"; and his subsequent apprenticeship in the precious artistic and intellectual atmosphere of pre-war Greenwich Village. During the war, he recounts, he made drawings of blimps, dredges, and ships for the naval intelligence service, and in this occupation he rediscovered the values of the objective world. Moreover, he got acquainted once more with ordinary people "whose egos were not of the frigid, touchy sort developed by brooding too much on the importance of the self." This was a momentous change in his career. From then on he had a definite objective, and proceeded towards it through years of stupendous effort, discouragement, and denial. His account of all this is frank and humorous, excellent reading throughout.

In the middle 1920's, "moved by a great desire to know more of America," Benton literally threw himself at the whole panorama of American life. In periodic jaunts over the country, during which he traveled by foot, auto, or any other means available, he managed to cover an incredible amount of territory and to become acquainted with thousands of people. It is with his experiences on these trips that the next and major part of his book is concerned.

At first you may find it a disappointment to turn from the straight autobiography to this less personal narrative and exposition. But you soon get into the swing of this part too, for the writing is forthright and dramatic and the material is handled with genuine knowledge and gusto. As in his murals, Benton is not concerned with the doings of polite society. He deals with the earthy life of backwoods cabins, honky-tonks, and roaring boom-towns, where "culture becomes what it really is, a way of living, rather than a precious juggling of excerpts from half-read books." Perhaps he has not given as penetrating and well-rounded a record of American life as he thinks, but he has certainly caught a great many important aspects of it. In general, Benton has taken the point of view he takes in his murals—that of the bystander who simply records with vividness and unpolished honesty what he has seen.

Interspersed with the narrative are drawings which are not only interesting in content, but which in some instances show Benton at his top power as a draftsman. Few if any other artists have his power to organize the essentials of a scene in a few hurried lines. Moreover, into some of these drawings, such as "Swinging Bridge," "The Fair Grounds," "The Leaning Tower," and "Jim's Lunch," Benton has infused a profound emotional quality that one sometimes misses in his murals.

Last but not least in his book, Benton has included a blistering, and, I believe, healthful commentary on present-day art and intellectualism. He has blasted away mercilessly at the esthetic palaver which passes for solid fare these days in Kansas City and Los Angeles, as well as in New York. He has lashed out against the racketeering of the art business with its poisonous exploitation of the artist. And he has had a good deal to say about the parasites and hangers-on of art in general, with their ivory-tower hysterias and frequent homosexuality. Perhaps Benton has not been wholly just in everything he has said. I do not know. But I do know that he has brought out into the open things that ought to be discussed frankly and sincerely, as he has discussed them.

Grant Wood, whose paintings hang in various galleries of the United States, is associate professor of graphic and plastic arts in Iowa State University. See page 18 for biographical note on Thomas H. Benton.

Albert Halper's Industrial Novel

THE CHUTE. By Albert Halper. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

NONE among Halper's contemporaries can do a better job of carving a novel out of an industry. In this case the mail-order houses of Chicago have provided him with miraculously rewarding material, especially one phenomenon which, in its baldest and most naturalistic statement, becomes an allegory of unlimited implications. This is the chute, that long, gaping canal which runs down through the mail-order building from the top floor to the main, shipping floor. Out of it flows the endless stream of packages that must go out to those rural customers who have so faithfully thumbed their mail-order catalogues and are waiting now for their workpants of tough corduroy, their Robert Taylor shirts, or their Paris-style frocks, $9.90. Everything is geared to the chute. The bells ring on the half-hour, and cries come up through the chute: "Come on! Feed her! Feed her!" On every floor the order-pickers dart among the aisles, the girls pack madly, the dispatcher throws himself against the truck, pushing it to the chute, throwing the

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packages down. The chute dominates the story; it swallows the lives of those who feed it, as it actually swallows the bodies of two. In pace and in detail, Halper brings us as close as a writer possibly can to a first-hand experience.

To say that "The Chute" is even better than "The Foundry" would be an inconclusive half-truth; the more important half is that both, as well as "Union Square," are sequential parts of an organic, growing body of work. Each of Halper's novels has been a sure progression from, almost out of, the last, reflecting his steady development. He works with a prose that seems easy and artless, until you notice that other dimension he has given it, a pulsing, rhythmic quality which triples the meaning and the power of his severely simple vocabulary. This is particularly effective here. It is not only that the words of his boys and girls of the mail-order house are brought to us in their original rhythm and intonation, one might almost say their original tune; also Halper's own writing is in that same tune. The book has a unity of personality, and that personality is the eager, yearning, under-schooled, over-worked youth of Chicago.

That he could do this without permitting his characters to vanish into the anonymity of figures in a tract, serves further to underline his talents. Halper's first interest has always been people, how they live, what they say, feel, know. In this book they are as sharply defined as they are numerous, and the reader will not soon forget the picture of little "Killer" Howard hurling his body against the loaded trucks, or the stoical Johnny Mutsek or the tortured Myerson, or the shy, tender lovers, Paul and Rosana. At bottom there is a sense of essential human dignity, somehow there beneath the indignities of occupation. This is as close as Halper will permit himself to come to any final dogma.

See page 18 for biographical note on Albert Halper.

Japanese Assignment

JAPAN OVER ASIA. By William Henry Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARRY

THE author of three well-known books on Russia presents here the first results of his fresh assignment in Japan. Mr. Chamberlin has been in Tokyo since 1934. In view of the extraordinary intricacies of the language, economics, and psychology of the Japanese, three or four years in the land cannot suffice to make even of Mr. Chamberlin an authority on the Island Empire and its future.

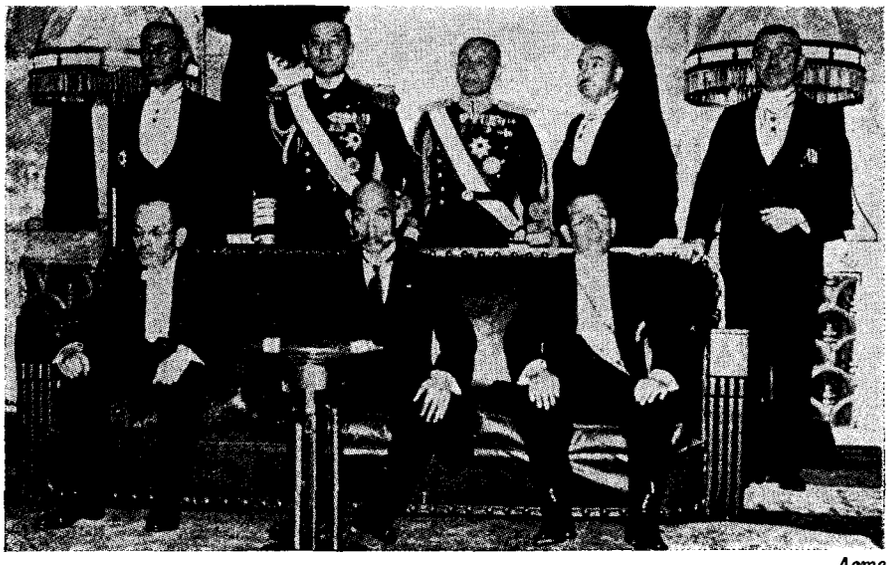
The author of "Japan Over Asia" is fully aware of the difficult nature of his subject, and constantly reminds the reader of the handicap. Yet he seems to feel that he has surmounted the barrier despite the comparatively short period elapsed since the *Christian Science Monitor* shifted him from Moscow to Tokyo. At any rate, he is bold to top off his material with predictions about Nippon's near future. As a journalist he knows that it is predictions that his public wants. And although Mr. Chamberlin evidently has aspirations higher than those of a journalist, he remains primarily a journalist, not a political scientist or sociologist, surely not a historian or economist. The book was prompted mainly by the newspaper headlines—by a market for it—and less by the writer's conviction that he had well-seasoned facts and views to offer.

Many of Mr. Chamberlin's assertions and predictions are supported by data but weakly. Among these are his categorical beliefs that Japan and Germany have an ideologic but not a military alliance, that there will not be another Russo-Japanese war, that Japan's advance toward the South Pacific is commercial and not political. He shows stronger munitions and greater power of persuasion when he argues that the United States will not fight Japan over China; that if we do fight, it will be for sentimental rather than trade reasons; that China will lose in a brief conflict, but that Japan will lose if the war lasts beyond six months. Again he weakens his position by declaring that Japan's people will stand the war, but that her finances may not—forgetting the simple truth that the people's economic status usually determines the nation's treasury; the caving-in of the finances will stem from the caving-in of the people. Another of the lacunæ of the book is that the author knows his Japan better than he knows his Asia, and thus we find in the text relatively little on Asia's present or latent reaction to the would-be conqueror.

Mr. Chamberlin has departed from the journalistic method enough to sketch Nippon's shadow over Asia in a sober, non-alarmist, unsensational manner. This is the best feature of the book. (After all, the author works for the dignified *Monitor*, not for Hearst.) But he failed to give historical roots of Japan's imperialism—in vain, for instance, would we seek in the book even brief mention of Hideyoshi and the never forgotten disaster of his dream to conquer China in the sixteenth century. The writer made an honest and, on the whole, successful attempt to understand Japan's reasons for her present drive. But to understand should not necessarily mean to agree. Mr. Chamberlin occasionally appears to accept Japan's official explanations too readily, to bunch (in ideology) her ruling classes with her plebs too unselectively. Typical of this are his rather sweeping statements about the intense patriotism of Nippon's masses, about the unquestioning spirit of bravery and self-sacrifice in her soldiers. He describes in detail the bitter lot of the peasants and the strikes of urban workers, but refuses to see anything revolutionary about such phenomena. He may not be aware of this, but he shies too much to the right. After twelve years in Russia he plainly does not like revolutions. Thus he has allowed his wishful thinking to interfere with his attempt at impartial scholarship.

It is not the reviewer's intention to prove that a revolution in Japan is imminent, or that, once flaring up, it will succeed in halting Tokyo's pan-Asian ambitions. The reviewer merely begs to disagree with the author's major conclusion that Japan's economic difficulties, "although serious, should not be overestimated."

Albert Parry, formerly a fellow in the department of history at the University of Chicago, is now at work on a study of Russian imperialism in China before 1917.



Acme

THE HAYASHI CABINET OF FEBRUARY, 1937. *From "Japan Over Asia."*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Writing American History

LAST year when *The Saturday Review* refused to admire a certain history of the United States, the editor received about a hundred letters asking which one-volume history he would recommend, and the question continues to come into the office about once a week. The editor has always listed three books: Morison and Commager, "The Growth of the American Republic"; Charles and Mary Beard, "The Rise of American Civilization"; and James Truslow Adams, "The Epic of America." He has always laid most stress on the first, explaining that he had to fudge a little to classify the Beards' book as a one-volume work, that it was besides too often content with exclusively economic explanations and did not always fuse its other material, and that Mr. Adams's book was too sweeping in its generalizations. But from now on he is not going to recommend a one-volume history at all. "The Growth of the American Republic" has appeared in a revised, enlarged, two-volume edition, and it is the best short general history of the United States ever published.

It is a very distinguished book. Obviously Mr. Morison was mainly responsible for the first volume, which ends with the death of Lincoln, and Mr. Commager mainly responsible for the second; but just as obviously they have achieved a single point of view throughout. The collaboration is immensely learned; it covers the entire field of source material and monographs so thoroughly that the reader has complete confidence in every judgment expressed. The judgments are liberal, judicious, decisive, scrupulously qualified where qualification is necessary, rigorously honest, and always responsible. The prose is crisp, vigorous, and lively: the book is the most literary of short histories. This is the kind of history we set up as a standard last year; this is the way American history should be written.

The authors have not only brought the narrative down to date in their revision; they have rewritten the whole text in order to facilitate the reader's focussing the facts and findings of American history on contemporary problems. They have stressed the continuities in the American past and have thereby performed a notable service for all of us. Those continuities, whose existence is the most important fact in our history, are practically never mentioned in the debates that go on round us today. The editor would like to require everyone who wants to say anything about the American present, or the American future, to read Morison and Commager before saying it.

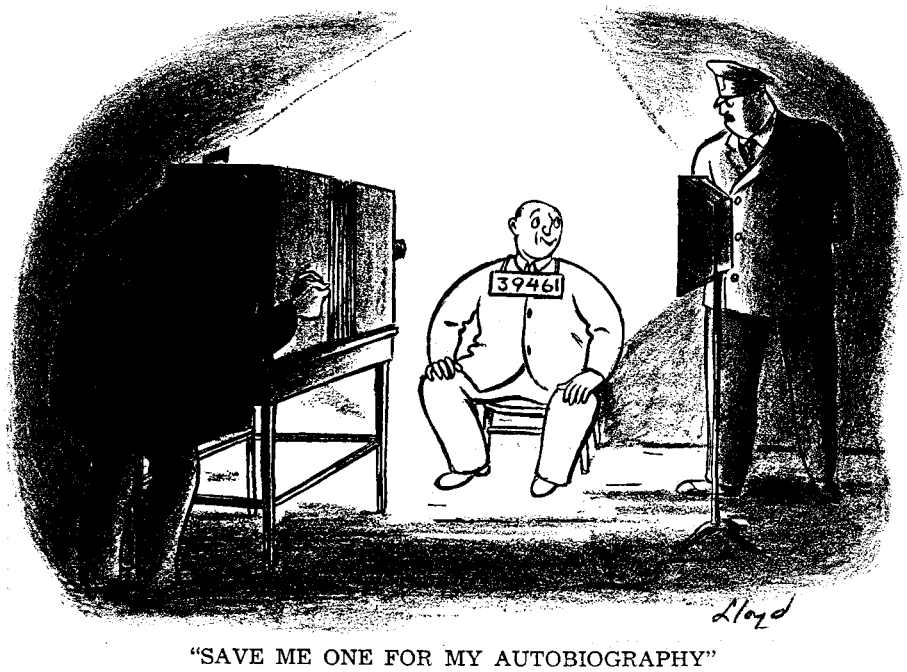
Books and Cameras In three years "U. S. Camera" has become the best of the photographic annuals, in succession to "Das Deutsche Lichtbild," which slumped when it began to feature the swastika (probably by command). The 1937 volume is the best of the three. Again it demonstrates that American photographers are as good as any in the world—and that the best gravure reproduction is not good enough to transfer the full photographic content from the print to the plate. Again it is best in its representational, reportorial, and editorial exhibits, and worst when it sanctions arty nonsense. Again Dr. Agha wittily denounces photographic buncombe, and again the editors fumble when they ignore his thesis.

They avoid the quaintness, the postcard prettiness, that is presented as the "art" of photography by most annuals, but they accept stuff just as bad. The nudes are very arty indeed—and stupefyingly futile. No nude in the book is any more remarkable than a first-year student's charcoal sketch in a life class, and few photographic nudes can ever be. But the commonest artiness is camera rhetoric: at least twenty percent of the book wallows in it. For example take the portrait of Edward Steichen in a doctor's gown with one arm upraised like a Druid priest or Aimee MacPherson, shot from two inches above the floor and hoked up by underexposure and overprinting. It sums up all that is wrong with self-conscious, verbalized photography. It is not only phony: it is vulgar.

As a mechanical process, photography is the best way of fixing the instantaneous appearance of things. As a process of representation in monochrome, it is the best way of preserving tone relations as they actually exist, and the best way of representing textures. As a visual process, it is the best way of extending the perceptions of the human eye. An intelligent esthetics can be based on those unique attributes. Such an esthetics makes the Cosmic Ray photographs on page 208 far better art than an oratorical picture of a lighthouse taken through a red filter, and any straightforward portrait better than the fake histrionism shown in such portraits as that of Mr. Steichen.

A mature camera art based on such an esthetics may be seen in Miss Bourke-White's photographs of Negroes and sharecroppers in "You Have Seen Their Faces." They rudely show up camera rhetoric for what it is, a contemporary substitute among the vaguely artistic for pyrography and decalcomania.

Pseudo At the end of the opposite page we print an anonymous letter—rather, a disingenuously pseudonymous one. We publish it merely as an example of a kind we were referring to some time ago. It has all the attributes of the type. It is based on what is either a stupid misunderstanding of the editorials it objects to or a deliberate misrepresentation of them. We cannot understand why anyone thinks that his notions can matter to anyone else unless he accepts responsibility for them.



"SAVE ME ONE FOR MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

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Letters to the Editor: *Writing for Money; The Federal Theater*

Subscribing under Difficulties

SIR:—I live a simple life by preference. I prefer to work in the somewhat cramped space of an automobile house trailer where I can hear the howl of a coyote at night and avoid the rumble of traffic by day. Therefore, the subscription to a magazine has always necessitated two or three remailings, and since I spend my winters in the desert and my summers in the mountains, I haven't run across many newsstands which carry your publication.

A friend sent me "Writing for Money," by Bernard DeVoto, in your October 9th issue. A magazine which publishes stuff like this is a magazine I can't get along without, regardless of trouble or expense. So please enter me for a year's subscription.

In case you're interested, I have never read an article which had a more happy combination of clarity of thought and expression.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER.

Redwood City, Cal.

"Bread and Circuses"

SIR:—It is unfortunate that "Bread and Circuses" should be the first book to appear on the WPA Federal Theater, but it is doubly unfortunate that such a lengthy and earnest review as appeared in your issue of October 23rd should contain so many confusions in critical judgment. For either Miss Whitman or Mr. Eustis to give a complete and judiciously fair account of the project is expecting, perhaps, too much, since neither apparently is thoroughly acquainted with the Federal Theater. The history of that, critical or otherwise, remains to be written; and though it will have to be unofficial it must be done by someone who has worked with the project from the inside.

"Ninety per cent of them were poor" says Mr. Eustis of the Federal Theater plays. Ninety per cent of the plays done on Broadway are not only poor but artistic failures, Mr. Eustis, including the hits and Pulitzer Prize winners.

"To Hallie Flanagan must go the credit," etc. Get away from the heroic concept of the theater, Mr. Eustis (and Miss Whitman). The Federal Theater is the first collective theater on a mass scale ever attempted in America. Many of the Federal Theater successes in New York City (both artistic and with the public) were done against the "better judgment" of the national and regional directors. The role played by the managing producers and their staffs in New York City in selecting plays, fighting for their necessary autonomy and theatrical authority, and in finally putting the project on its feet, would make an absorbing book in itself. In New York City, many important phases of organization and policy, until very recently, were not given to the project from above but were forced on the administration from below.

"It has developed no great actors, playwrights, directors, designers, or technicians." The Federal Theater is only two years old. What "great actors, playwrights, directors, designers, or technicians" has the commercial theater developed in the last two years? No organization, no matter under what conditions or whose auspices, can "develop" a playwright, a designer, a director, in that time.

VIRGIL GEDDES.

Washington, D. C.

Congratulations to Mr. Eustis

SIR:—My thanks to you for the space you gave Morton Eustis for his review of Willson Whitman's "Bread and Circuses" and my congratulations to Mr. Eustis upon the thoughtful and informative manner in which he filled it. After reading Mr. Eustis's article and Miss Whitman's book I can only say that I wish the Oxford Press had entrusted the problems of the Federal Theater to Mr. Eustis.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

New York City.

(*Mr. Brown is dramatic critic of the* New York Post.—*Ed.*)

Tyranny of Language

SIR:—Your editorial criticizing Stuart Chase's article in *Harper's* on "The Tyranny of Language" is a fine example of the brilliant sword-play in which you delight; but possibly some of your readers may feel a craving for a simpler and homelier judgment. The chief purport of your comment, they can hardly fail to see, is that Mr. Chase is pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp; "there are horrid intimations," you say, that he thinks the problem of emancipating the human mind from its confusions is "simply to give words exact and verifiable meanings," after which "everything is going to be pretty lovely." I think you are entirely right; and it occurs to me that an extremely simple instance of the haziness of Mr. Chase's thought on the subject may serve to reinforce the point:

> Failure of mental communication is painfully in evidence nearly everywhere we choose to look. Pick up any magazine or newspaper, and you will find many of the articles devoted to sound and fury from politicians, editors, leaders of industry, and diplomats. You will find the text of the advertising sections devoted almost solidly to a skillful attempt to make words mean something different to the reader from what the facts warrant.

That advertisers try to make readers believe something different from what the *facts* warrant will hardly be news to anybody; but to regard this as simply a matter of the meaning of *words* is a fatuous notion. When Mr. Chase cites it as a "painful evidence" of the "failure of mental communication," the reader who has been suspecting that the whole article is a mare's nest is greatly strengthened in his suspicion.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

New York City.

William Falkner

SIR:—The note which appears on page twenty-one of last Saturday's issue refers to the spelling of William Falkner's name in "I Hear America," by Vernon Loggins, as a misspelling.

On page 110 of that book, Dr. Loggins has a rather interesting comment which explains it: "The world knows him as William Faulkner, but recently he ordered the *u* in his surname dropped, etc."

Would you be willing to make it clear that this was *not an error?*

ROBERT L. CROWELL.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co.,
New York City.

(*We are glad to print Mr. Crowell's letter in justice to Dr. Loggins; but Mr. Faulkner's publishers, Random House, know nothing of this reported change in spelling.—Ed.*)

School Reading Plans

SIR:—A part of the work of the Book Supply Committee of the National Council of Teachers of English is to investigate the means whereby reading materials have been made available for an adequate reading program in those schools where the necessary resources for such a program are ordinarily lacking. Many teachers have solved the problem of providing books through their own ingenuity and resourcefulness. A compendium of the various methods employed should constitute a valuable chapter of the Committee's report.

If any of your readers have been successful in promoting any plan for providing books and other materials for their classes, I shall be glad to receive a complete description of such a plan.

RUTH C. SCHOONOVER.

Negaunee High School,
Negaunee, Mich.

Independence

SIR:—Since no one else does the obvious, I suggest that in accord with the recent editorial declaration of independence, all teaching of the English language be suppressed; that anyone above the mental grade of school-teachers be forbidden to write it and anyone less illiterate than broadcasters be forbidden to talk it; that ability to spell be rated in all courts as proof of anti-totalitarianism and the traitor liquidated, and that any grammatical construction assaying more than one tenth of one per cent logical be punished by cancellation of moron-superiority cards, with all privileges. Also I believe it might be well to establish a standard of pronunciation of all ordinary words. Then anyone found guilty of conforming to it could be sentenced to the highest measure of social defense. Might be hard on you and I—so different than we are accustomed to, but one must sacrifice themself to the public good.

CROCUS PRAECOX.

Atascadero, Calif.

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Politics and Personalities

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES. By Winston S. Churchill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

OF that group of brilliant men which formed the inner ring of the Asquith administration—the last Liberal administration, so large with promise and so deficient in performance—only two figures survive: David Lloyd George and Winston Spencer Churchill. Mr. Lloyd George, still faithful to his own brand of liberalism, seems already to be receding into the past. Mr. Churchill has refused to recede into anything except his original Toryism. He is still somebody to be reckoned with, and those who altogether distrust his politics at least pay him the compliment of a persistent suspicion.

Another compliment could be paid him of a less doubtful kind. Among all his former colleagues—and the list includes such names as John Morley and Augustine Birrell—he has been the brightest example of that high but diminishing tradition that English politicians should also be men of letters. Mr. Churchill is a journalist of the first rank. Some of the things he has written—notably that amazing passage in "The World Crisis" where he tells how the Cabinet heard the news of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia—have an assured place in modern English prose. This collection of character sketches—written at different times for different magazines—if it never shows him at his best, certainly indicates what his best might be.

Of the twenty-one "great contemporaries" with whom he deals, only four are still alive. With a political future still ahead of him, Mr. Churchill is no doubt anxious to avoid controversy; and so we get from this book a picture rather of a world that was than of a world that is, not a contemporary picture, but certainly a Conservative one. His portrait of Arthur James Balfour will illustrate what I mean by "Conservative." It is a subtle and affectionate appreciation of a highly subtle character, and contains one piece of historical information of the first importance to students of pre-war politics; and yet it excludes more than it includes. What it excludes is the ordinary world. Between personal friendship and lofty patriotism (these are the two points which Mr. Churchill stresses in all his political sketches) there exists a void. There are houses, encounters, witty gossip, little groups of well-informed friends; and there is England: but the people, the ordinary people, the English people, do not seem to exist at all. You are vaguely aware of them somewhere in the background, recording their votes and being governed; while above them a close circle of Mr. Churchill's friends serves, with a baffling mixture of adroitness and altruism, both its personal interests and an impersonal principle. Whether the "England" which figures so often in these pages is an ideal mistress or simply a means of keeping "dear George" or "dear Arthur" in office, remains always in doubt.

It would be impossible to review all twenty-one sketches; but one can dwell upon one or two characteristic features. For instance, there is Mr. Churchill's almost haunted preoccupation with the events of those pre-war days when he was still a Liberal, and served under Mr. Asquith as Home Secretary and First Lord. He implies in his account of George

CHURCHILL WITH JOHN MORLEY

V that the greatest achievement of that unassuming monarch was his handling of the House of Lords crisis in 1911; and no historian, I think, would ever deny that. He says of Mr. Asquith that, in the pre-war Irish crisis, "with all its fierce and unfair fighting on both sides," he "held by force and art the foremost place." No candid historian could ever quite agree with this. Facts are facts, and that Mr. Asquith lost all control of the Irish situation is a fact as hard as any. (The rest of the sketch, proving once again how deep an impression that great parliamentarian made on the hearts of his friends, is as fine as anything in the book.)

Then again, in his portrait of Clemenceau, Mr. Churchill shows a native alienation from the European mind. He met the French statesman, liked him, was liked in turn, observed him shrewdly; and yet—however keen his eye or intimate his knowledge—the essence of Clemenceau seems entirely to have eluded him. Through every sentence, you might say, there flows the English channel, which has prevented Englishmen, even English statesmen, even English statesmen with a deep political and economic knowledge, from ever apprehending the European character. No doubt that is why his portrait of Alfonso XIII is a mine of potential misinformation. As for his piece on Adolf Hitler, it can only be excused on the plea (not a very happy plea at that) that Mr. Churchill sees the Nazi dictator, not as he is, still less as he might yet be, but as some almost noble projection of a Tory ideal.

But these sketches will be read for their personal material rather than their political implications, which are cloudy and cold: and much of the personal material is exceedingly well done. And there is always Mr. Churchill's vivid and impressionistic style, with its very English mastery of the suggestive and the vague; a style often hampered by the fact that he was writing with caution and possibly in a hurry; but still capable of much display. Mr. Churchill wears the purple, it is true; but he wears it with gusto, and nobody can deny that he wears it with a difference.

George Dangerfield is the author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England."

Grim Ironies

LALEEN AND OTHER STORIES. By Myrtle Johnston. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

AT the age of eighteen Miss Johnston wrote a remarkable novel, a grim novel, "Hanging Johnny." Most of the seventeen tales in this book recall that grimness. Take "The Man," for instance, the study of a criminal racketeer, capable of one remarkably generous action, who proves the appalling nemesis of the good simple people who try to befriend him. Take the lucid interval of the insane husband or lover in the brief story, "Until." Grimness is not the sole note struck; but the stories are, for the most part, indubitably drawn from the ironies and tragedies of life. The important thing is that this artist makes them ring true.

I say "artist" advisedly. Miss Johnston is a real craftsman who does not deal in the obvious. She knows how to select a new "approach," and build her stories to an unexpected and impressive climax.

There is variety here, but always the cutting edge. The stories are salient, the workmanship clean. I do not wish to give the impression that Miss Johnston is a "perfect writer," but she is an extraordinarily gifted one. She has insight and imagination and a sense of structure. If she continues with short stories she may even be another Katherine Mansfield—though that, indeed, is upon the knees of the gods. As it is, her dramatic ability makes her eminently readable.

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American Empire

BLACK FOREST. By Meade Minnigerode. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. MINNIGERODE'S new book is a rapidly-paced novel, divided into three parts and bracketed between the dates 1754 and 1788. The plot of the volume ends in a burst of pure melodrama; the story is always exciting and, sometimes, truly poignant. What is most interesting is the historical background, the atmosphere of the period. Mr. Minnigerode is not an American historical novelist of the calibre of, say, Kenneth Roberts, but his research revivifies an important chapter of the American chronicle. You are immediately introduced to the struggles of the French and the English for footholds in an Indian-infested region, to the early traders of George Croghan's time and the early Western movement, when "West" meant West of the Ohio. You have the fur trade and the French War and "Virginia's perpetual dog fight with Pennsylvania." When you come to the American Revolution, in the second part, it is seen from the standpoint of Land Company shareholders in Pittsburgh—the whole Land Company "racket" of the period being thoroughly described. When Croghan (who is, of course, an actual historical character) tries to define what kind of American patriot he is, he remarks, "I stand to lose a fortune if an American Congress steps in and starts nullifying English Acts or decisions," but he adds, "I still affect to believe that our charters to colonize the West will come from England. But that is no longer true. England has determined to prevent any American expansion. . . And the day that I saw that, I became a patriot." His dream is of "an American Empire of the West."

Mr. Minnigerode has read his history unsentimentally. He has not, however, written his novel unsentimentally; and he has made full use of the long arm of coincidence. That he has taken minor liberties with history is of no importance. This he acknowledges, and it is perfectly allowable in a work of fiction. But though his cast of characters is for the most part composed of people who live and breathe, his creation of at least two quite appalling villains strains one's credulity. The author writes rhythmically, sometimes with too staccato a cadence, and sometimes with too much mannerism and device—italicized repetition of phrase, impressionism, and overstress. But he knows how to pitch the French temperament against the Anglo-Saxon, and he shows quite significantly the fierce aboriginal pride working in the mixed blood of a French-Indian like Andrew Montour. At the beginning of the book, the bridal journey of Angus and Solange and its climax at Croghan's is a blend of romance, human nature, and gusty humor that one should applaud. There are high points all through.

Mr. Minnigerode has the faculty for giving us scene, speech, and the heroic flavor of early America, and he spans two eighteenth-century generations. Neatly as he articulates his plot, however, one can only hope that next time he may shade the violent black and white of his fictional characters and dish out less melodrama without sacrificing drama. For this book contains rich material for those who like to get at the truth of American history.

See page 18 for biographical note on Meade Minnegerode.

KALEK (INFLATED GOATSKIN RAFT) ON THE EUPHRATES
From "Many Rivers."

Adventures Afloat

MANY RIVERS. By Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

RIVERS are scenic backdrops for the adventures of this author in widely scattered regions of the earth. If not entirely an explorer—save in the final chapter, in which he is seen handling a boat for the Geological Survey through the Grand Canyon—Mr. Freeman is by no means a tranquil traveler. During three decades of adventurous wandering, he went in for rough stuff.

It all began when a Yukon prospector said to him: "Rivers are your friends. They take you where you want to go." To such as he, a natural oarsman with fingers that could tear a pack of cards in twain, they proved to be friends. But not always to his companions. For example, the subhead of Chapter VIII: "The Bush Papuans killed my guide and friend, but in escaping down river in one of their canoes I unwittingly kidnapped a village belle." In another river adventure, laid in the high Andes, three cowboys of the author's party were drowned in a whirlpool.

The usual travel writer's claim, that his wanderings were "off the beaten track," goes for this book four times over. Voyaging down the Yellowstone, Mr. Freeman comes across the one and only "Calamity Jane," middle-aged and half-seas over. In the Colorado delta, he shoots wild pigs, deer, and coyotes, and mistakes the water tumult made at night by the wings of innumerable pelicans for a tidal bore from the nearby Pacific. In Tahiti he follows a "River of Rhythm" back to a woodland where seductive brown maidens dance the hula. In Tibet he follows the run-off of the roof of the world to a region where they play a wild sort of polo and the women have three husbands apiece. In a well-named chapter, "By the Rivers of Babylon," there is an all-too-brief account of short jaunts in a circular goatskin craft on the Euphrates. There is even a nocturnal journey in a Caribbean land down a river which the author ventures to call the Styx.

The bravura note is sounded, almost inevitably, in parts of this narrative. Sometimes the streams are so far away from the story that their music is unheard. Yet the author is by no means unconscious of what more tranquil travel writers would call their "spell"; passages of vivid description illumine his well-told narrative. His own photographs accompany the text. For the reader, the final picture is of rivers that go about their several missions in the far corners of the earth, and, as the author tells you, "take you where you want to go."

Clark Firestone, who is on the staff of the Cincinnati Times-Star, *is the author of "Sycamore Shores," an account of the rivers of the Middle West.*

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XVII. (Continued)

I COULDN'T have stood much more of that, Troilus begins harshly.

Don't say anything, she whispers. For a little while. Let me find *me*. . . . And, after a silence: Now say it.

What.

You know. Our talisman.

Beauty never guessed before . . .

(She shivers a little in his arms).

TROILUS—This is the dress you wore at Sarpedoni's.

CRESSIDA—You know them now by heart.

TROILUS—Like a tree of fruit in April gear
You cloud your firmness and your branchy limbs
In gauze and silver bloom. But underneath
Yourself is whiter still.

CRESSIDA—You said white wasn't a good word.

TROILUS—Tonight we will not stay to choose our words.
There will be time in surplus, nights to come.

CRESSIDA—No . . . no!—Then came our summer wind
And stripped me of my petals and pretence.

TROILUS—That night you danced with Paris; and I thought:
Even her body, under all that lustre,
Is scarcely dark.

CRESSIDA—My mind is dark enough.
How black the thought must be, inside the brain.

TROILUS—Yes, black indeed. I was awake last night.
You know that gap half way across the dark
Where stars fall in, sleep founders, and the mind,
A frightened swimmer, elbows for the shore.
Then common things, acceptable by day,
Turn haggard; life is filthy on the tongue;
Faces that you love are old and sorry . . .
O fill my eyes with whiteness
To help me through the dark; and smooth my fingers
On luxuries of touch
To keep a memory for empty hands.

CRESSIDA—Here is one face that is not old—nor sorry.

TROILUS—And if long looking push the dark away
Then ears grow keen to horror:
The furious insect-chorus of the fields
Goes mockery-whistling on. The grassy troops
Are mobilized in all their murder-kit
For some last senseless onset of despair.
So are we all. Cassandra's right. We're done.
See this? A pretty symbol! Voice and face.
Your insect cavalier; the praying mantis
Or prophet-beetle!

(He blows his trench-whistle, and whips out his gas mask and holds it to his face; which does indeed make him resemble some monstrous insect. Cresside gently puts it aside).

CRESSIDA—Let's sit down and have a smoke.—Will you pour me a drink?

TROILUS—Does every other feel *my* private pang.
The little secret stabs of circumstance,
The comic molecules that make me, me?

CRESSIDA—Yes, all; and all are cunning to conceal.
Of every midnight twinge that cramps the heart,
Bethink you, Cressida has known it too.

TROILUS—I remember, when I was a child
I used to take a boat, down at the shore,
And drift about on sleepy afternoons
Between the wrinkled windrows of the sea.
The sunshine veined the wave with seams of light
But there with naked summer on my back
I knew it was too happy to endure:
I knew that I was damned.

CRESSIDA—Some day I'll tell you about *my* private horrors. I've got some beauties.

(But the liquor, blessed anodyne, is changing the rhythm). What do I care for Troy fallen, or risen either, he cries; or any other thing, now you're here; you tangible. Let's go away together; now, tonight. Pan says we can take his car.

No, darling; it just won't work. It'd be a washout. You must have something to be faithful to; that's the kind you are.
I can be faithful to you.
I'm not big enough.

TROILUS—O, for a few unblemished blessed weeks
I knew things at their worth, and loved the world—
My horse, my dog, my sword, my everything—
The better for my ecstasy of you.
Laugh at me if you will:
Even in my wardrobe I would say:
I wore this when I last knew Cressida.

CRESSIDA—And after all this rich discovery.
We now recant? So sorry for ourselves?

TROILUS—Forgive me. I guess I'm gibbering.

CRESSIDA—My blessed, when you know a woman's heart
So easy to be wrung, you will not wring it.
They take a mutually propitiating drink. Here's to us!

CRESSIDA—Silly as it sounds, I've got my little job to do also. I don't know whether Daddy is really sick or not, but I've got to find out; and maybe I can learn something about the Greek plans. The Horse, for instance.

TROILUS—How long will you be gone?

CRESSIDA—Ten days, I should think. I can't possibly stay longer than that, I haven't got clothes.

TROILUS—Well that's good to know.

CRESSIDA—Think how glad you'll be to see Antenor.

TROILUS—Sure; and every time I see his homely pan I'll think of the one who ransomed him. There's lots of you I haven't given names to yet. Here's something I never saw before: this little flattened hollow in your upper lip. Something ought to be done about that.

CRESSIDA—We could get over some of the ground now . . . and then we'd still have something to look forward to when I get back.

TROILUS—Since I'm responsible for delivering you, I'll take charge of the return trip too. Ten days' leave of absence, that's all you get. Understand?

CRESSIDA—Darling, you know I'll do my best.

TROILUS—I've brought you something as a pledge and a luck-piece.

He gives her a little ornament in gold and blue enamel.

O Troilus, it's your squadron-pin. I know how much that means to you.

It means Ten Days' Leave. You swear?

I swear.

You can count them every day when you put it on. And if the Greeks make any difficulty about coming back, Zeus-almighty, I'll bring over the whole regiment and take you by force.

But tonight, she whispers, force won't be necessary.

XVIII. Too Bright for My Eyes

There's still heavy morning shadow inside the deep tunnelled gateway. Sentries on duty stand rigorously to attention as the taxicab rolls slowly in over the ancient cobbles. She is jolted against him.

Even the rough stones of the world, he

(*Continued on page* 14)

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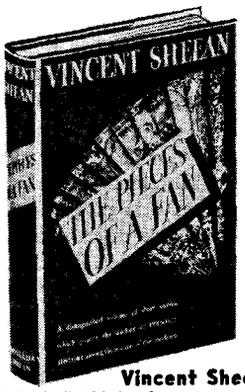

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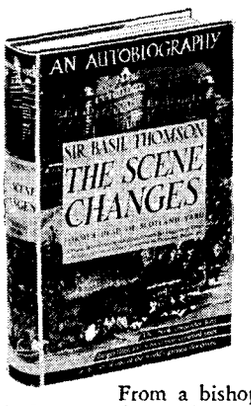

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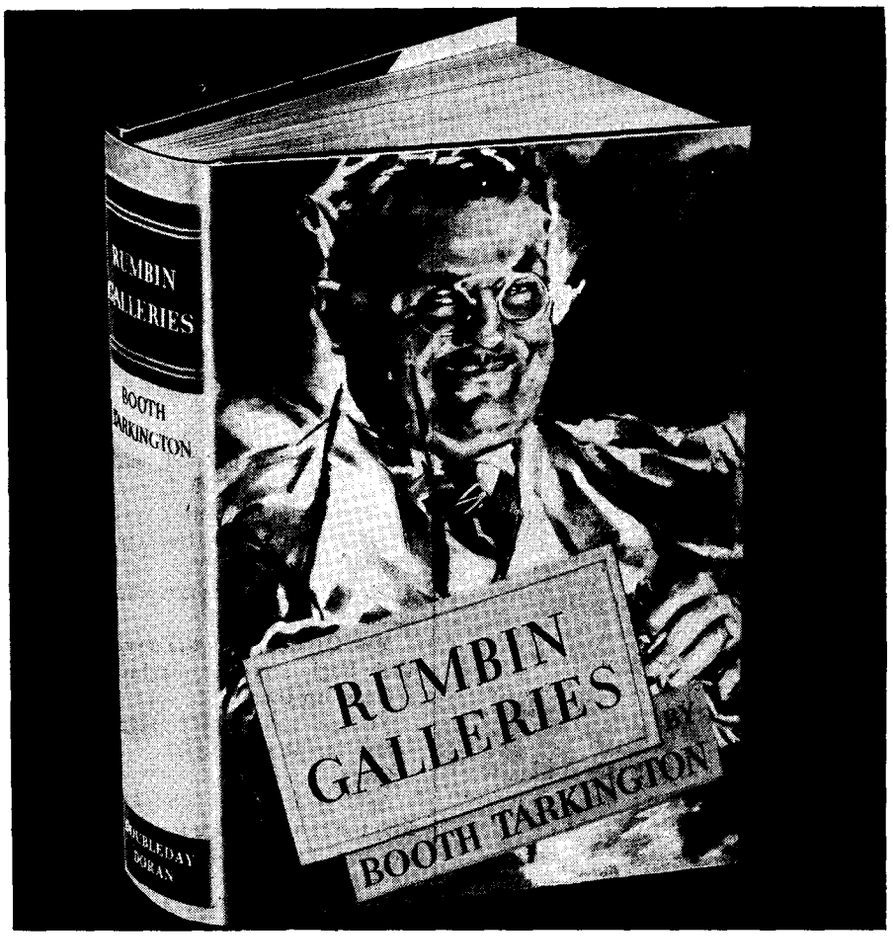

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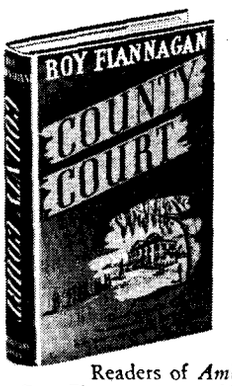

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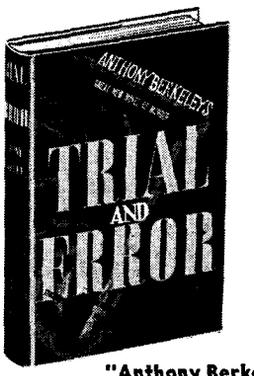

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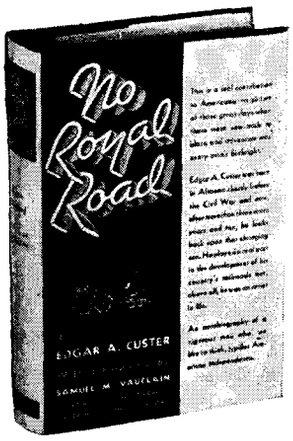

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foreword by Samuel M. Vauclain

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The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page 12*)

whispers, throw you in my arms. Goodbye my precious.

They'll see—

Not till I acknowledge the salute.

The taxicab breathes deep, its eager panting loudened in the vaulted arch. But for a moment the mumbling stir seems to shield them.

I've had no experience in saying goodbyes, he says, almost roughly, and swings open the door. He steps out and salutes the guard, who stand at ease. It seems rather terrible to see everything just as usual. The thick walls sweating in a humid air, the painted sentry-box, the same clump of wild flowers seeded by the wind on a projecting corbel, the spots of light on soldiers' fresh polished boots and buckles.

Has the Greek escort started yet? he asks.

Yes, Captain, says the sergeant. We got their bugle a couple of minutes ago.

Open up then.

Yes, sir.—The lady's luggage?

She has it with her.

Okay.

As they unfasten the huge bolts he leans into the cab. Both are pretending to study the bag. I'm glad it's such a small one, he says.

Just enough for ten days.

You look adorable in that tweed and jersey, he whispers. Don't change till you have to. Remember, everything you're wearing I helped you to put on.

Even the pin, she admits, showing it under the flap of her jacket.

The gate opens, a dazzling surge of sunlight floods the opening. Troilus nods to the troops and re-enters the cab. The bugle gives its appointed signal; the guard presents arms; the cab rolls out.

I'm sorry darling, she says; the sun was too bright for my eyes.

The Radio Voice—who has been a bit late in arriving—dashes into the gateway with his mouthpiece on the end of a wire.

Good morning, everybody. This is the Radio Voice of the Evening Trojan, always first in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. Folks while you're all enjoying your morning coffee I've been down here watching the big doings at the East Gate. It was arranged to take place very early to avoid any sort of public demonstration. Miss Cressida, escorted by Captain Troilus, is just leaving, and the Greek party, bringing Captain Antenor, is on its way over; they will meet and exchange between the lines. I've just been talking with Miss Cressida, I hoped she would say something personally into the mike, but she begged to be excused. Naturally she feels very deeply on this sensational occasion. I guess it's the first time in history a woman has been exchanged for a military captain, certainly it's a wonderful compliment and I ought to tell you that this afternoon's paper will have a feature article by our Miss Lyde on What This Means For the Future of Woman. Don't forget to buy your newspaper this afternoon. Just a moment, folks, while I check up.

Folks, they're off. I certainly wish I could ride with them in the cab, it certainly is a romantic moment, I'd like to know what they're saying to each other. It's a tough assignment for Captain Troilus, people in the know have been saying he has more than a little sentimental interest in Miss Cressie and I'd be the last to blame him. The cab is rolling past the Big Horse, you know the Greeks have moved it up close to the city, I can see Captain Troilus pointing it out to her. She acts as if she don't like the look of it, no wonder, it's an ugly monster. I wonder if those Europeans think they can scare us with a boogy like that?

I can see the Greeks coming over the hill. They're giving Captain Antenor a handsome send-off, he's in an open car with a Greek officer, and there's a cavalry escort with a flag of truce. Sergeant Teucer tells me the Greek officer is Captain Diomedes, that's really dramatic, because as you know he and Captain Troilus are by no means friendly. Boy, this is a thrilling sight, this is tops; I'm getting out my field glasses so I can give you all the local color. The Greeks have halted and Miss Cressida's car goes forward slowly to meet them. Wait till the dust clears away. . . . I can see Antenor, folks I can see Captain Antenor. He's getting out of the car. He favors his right leg a little but he looks to be okay. The two cars are side by side, Captain Troilus is getting out. I can see his hand on his revolver, I'll bet he's afraid of some trick, that boy's a soldier, he's not taking any chances. Diomedes is laughing. I don't see anything to laugh about. Troilus doesn't pay any attention to him, just ignores him completely. Troilus greets Antenor, they throw their arms about each other, gosh I bet they're glad to see each other. Captain Troilus looks as though maybe he'd like to do some more arm-throwing but he and Miss Cressie are both very stiff. Folks this is a high spot, get it. He gives Miss Cressida the military salute, and Captain Diomedes helps her into the Greek car. Diomedes bends over to talk to her—the cavalry form round. Diomedes is saying something to Troilus, I wish I could hear it, but Troilus pays no attention. He and Antenor both stand at salute while the Greeks—say, I bet they did that on purpose. The car and escort rushed off so fast they left our two standing in a cloud of dust. Typical Greek manners. Now Troilus shows Antenor into the waiting car, he speaks to the driver. They're coming back. I guess he's sore all right, he's coming like a bat out of —I mean he's driving very fast. . . .

If Ilium had been a lip reader he might have reported what Diomedes said: Now it's *my* turn for a dance.

(*To be continued*).

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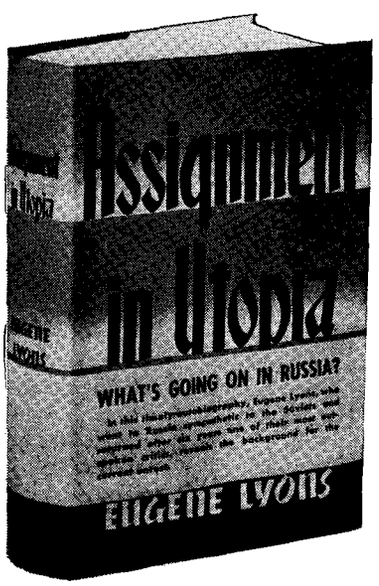

"Of all the books on Russia written by Americans thus far, this seems to me the most important and most moving . . . This book is his record and his judgment. . . . What the record is will not here be reviewed, lest any one should have an excuse not to read the book itself. It is a brilliant report." Praised on every side for its richness of writing, its thousands of exciting stories, its wealth of humanity, this is the outstanding autobiography of the fall.

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The Amen Corner

One of the pleasantest features of life at Oxford in the now receding days when the Oxonian was an undergraduate was the existence of a repertory company at the Oxford Playhouse. Last winter one of its younger members came to Broadway. "Here is a Hamlet," wrote one critic (Mr. Gilbert Gabriel), "all told as fine and fresh and stirring as the oldest of us can remember, as the youngest of us can expect to see in years to come."

Miss Rosamond Gilder, of the *Theatre Arts Monthly,* thought the same, and she also thought what a pity it is that not only the effect but the details of great performances have never been caught and preserved. The result is a book such as has never been done before, *John Gielgud's Hamlet:* A Record of Performance, by Rosamond Gilder, with Notes on Production, Costume and Traditional Business by John Gielgud.[1] With John Gielgud's notes, Miss Gilder presents a minute description of what he did on the stage in actual performance, and how he did it. On the pages opposite is the complete cut version of *Hamlet* used by Gielgud. Illustrations show the actor in costume, some of the sets designed for the New York production by Jo Mielziner, and diagrams of the stage.

"The ultimate fascination of the theatre," writes Miss Gilder in her Foreword, "lies in the fact that it is made up in equal parts of poetry and greasepaint, of inspiration and box-office receipts, of dust and divinity. . . .

"Some of the flavour of that kingdom is brought to these pages, by Mr. Gielgud's notes and comments, written between performances, on trains, in the dressing room, jotted down when Hamlet should have been resting but John Gielgud, electrified by a new idea, would give him no peace. These reflections on the past, self-criticisms, advice to directors; these indications of a wide reading, of an eager and retentive mind, of a keen judgment and a sensitive intelligence, add an invaluable sense of back-stage living to this record of an outstanding performance."

The Oxford University Press[2] has just published also a translation of Dr. Levin L. Schücking's *The Meaning of Hamlet.*[3] We enjoyed being able to say "I told you so," when we read the review of this book in the *Theatre Arts Monthly.* The news of this book, says the reviewer, "hardly incites a public thrill." *But* "a few pages and the reader has a surprise that should make him ever wary of foregone conclusions. Dr. Schücking speaks and thinks, first of all, with the grace and lucidity one associates with Lemaître and Anatole France. . . . It will be some time before another volume on Hamlet appears which is so certain to please both the æthete in search of the writing and the Elizabethan specialist on the lookout for a fresh and sane critical approach."

The Oxonian.

(1) $3.00. (2) 114 Fifth Avenues. (3) $2.25.

The Empire State

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. Edited by Alexander C. Flick. New York: Columbia University Press. 1937. 10 vols. $50 the set.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THESE ten handsome blue volumes, nearly 4,000 pages in all, brought out under the expert editorship of the State Historian of New York and the scholarly auspices of the State Historical Association, are indispensable to all libraries of American history which pretend to reasonable completeness, and to all special students of New York affairs. The work is as able and complete as any planned on these particular lines could be. The plan, it must be said, falls short of being ideal. Nearly twenty years ago Illinois created a centennial commission which, choosing Clarence W. Alvord as editor, executed much the best State history yet written. This was done by appropriating generous funds, hiring a corps of research workers, assembling a veritable library of material at the State University, and inducing seven capable men to spend years in writing six thorough, carefully unified volumes. Circumstances made it impossible to duplicate that effort in New York. Dr. Flick, Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, and the other planners, beginning in the very heart of the depression, took the next best course; they designed a composite history which should enlist nearly a hundred writers, each contributing one or more chapters. This meant some raggedness, some gaps, some repetition; but Dr. Flick's skill has kept the inevitable asymmetry and unevenness near a minimum. While the volumes of the Illinois history can be read through with unflagging interest, these must rather be used as a work of reference; but they make a good reference work.

At its best it is extremely good. To the first volume Arthur C. Parker contributes three chapters on prehistoric man, the general culture of the Indians, and the special culture of the Iroquois, which are as authoritative as anything ever written on pre-Columbian history. In the third volume Evarts B. Greene draws a delightful picture of New York City in the late days of British rule, when Cherokee chiefs were taken to see "Richard III" at the John Street Theatre, beer and grog were served to the populace on the King's birthday in 1766, and the young ladies spent boisterous evenings at Ranelagh and Vauxhall Gardens. A brilliant chapter in the fourth volume by Hoffman Nickerson on the principal New York campaigns of the Revolution offers a notable appraisal of Washington's generalship and of the reasons for Burgoyne's defeat. He thinks that "Gentleman Johnny" might have done better with a smaller army. The campaigns of Clinton and Sullivan against the Tories and Indians in western New York take on richer significance as treated by Dr. Flick, though Walter Butler loses much of his picturesque reputation for barbarity. Dr. A. J. Wall explains with much new information the failure of the various British offers of an olive branch, while Dr. Flick elucidates the far more remarkable failure of the loyalists—rich, cultured, numerous, and highly-placed—to give any really effective aid to the empire for which they lost everything.

A striking chapter by John Pell in the fifth volume also throws new light on the secession of the Vermonters from New York. In a period when land speculation was the great American financial sport, two royal governers, Wentworth and Colden, issued two sets of grants to two sets of speculators. The Yorkers got the law on their side, the Yankees got possession; and New York surveyors were, as Ethan Allen put it, "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness." A veritable little republic sprang up, whose burghers took equal joy in repulsing the British and in defeating a small New York army at Wallamoosac. Mr. Pell does justice to the valors, the greeds, and the humors of the contest. In this same volume Julius Pratt treats with shrewd brevity the War of 1812. Many New Yorkers were sorry to see it begun—even on the western frontier the New England element was reluctant—and more still were sorry when the State's generals and militia covered themselves with disgrace. But the war cost New York less than two millions, manufacturing flourished, upstate farmers sold their produce at high prices (often to the enemy), and the whole State felt happier after it than before. In both the fifth and sixth volumes Harry J. Carman presents essays on the rise of the factory system which are replete with new facts. Here we learn how the Havemeyers and Colgates came from England at the end of the 18th century to set up in sugar-refining and soap-making; how Ezekiel Case commenced glovemaking in Gloversville in 1803; how Chickering went into piano-making; how Troy's horseshoes came to mark the highways of the globe; and how East River shipbuilders gave the Czar his proudest ship and France her first steam ram. Noble E. Whitford tells better than any earlier writer how the Erie Canal made New York great. Two complementary chapters by Edward Hungerford on the prosperous history of the New York Central and the sorry tale of the Erie have equal expertness.

These are but some of the more striking of the hundred chapters. Others of sterling merit might be named. As we should expect, the latter part of the his-

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tory is not so good as the first. The narrative grows too massive and complex to be treated in a series of detached essays; too much of New York's history merges with the oft-told elements of national history; space becomes too limited for the record of ten million people. The first six volumes, bringing the story roughly to 1850, are sufficiently full and fairly well unified. But the remaining four are not enough for the past eighty years. Readers of the seventh volume find the pace accelerating to seven-league strides. Dr. P. G. Archampaugh and Milledge L. Bonham deal with New York's part in the slavery struggle 1850-60, and her role in the Civil War—both excellently; but thirty pages each are not enough, especially for Dr. Bonham. The immense importance of the war as a turning point in New York history, especially industrial and financial, cannot properly be brought out. Later on, political and constitutional history from 1860 to the present day must be covered in four chapters—140 pages for the long eventful period from Fernando Wood to Governor Lehman. And the three last volumes, while full of good things, are decidedly a jumble. They contain a series of essays on specialized topics—on banking, public utilities, humane institutions, medicine, women's affairs, newspapers, labor, sports and recreation (a particularly good chapter by John A. Krout), the port of New York, and so on. However good (and a few of them tend to be mere fact-catalogues) these essays have little organic relation to one another; they read too much like sections in an encyclopedia.

Much of this was inevitable under the plan adopted—and it was the only possible plan. And after all defects are allowed for, the handsomely printed set represents an achievement of enduring value, for which Dr. Flick deserves the thanks of the State. Hitherto the student has needed a library if he would learn much about New York's past; now he can find most of the facts (at least down to 1875) within these ten covers.

Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University, has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for biography with his lives of Cleveland and Hamilton Fish.

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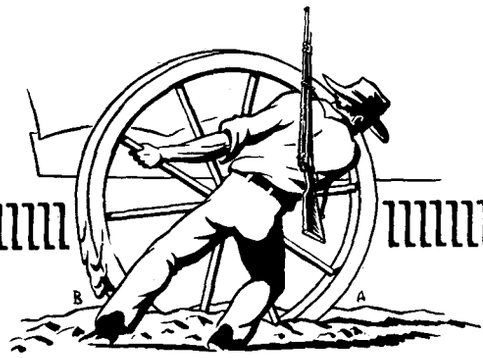
"WHAT SHOULD I SAY?"

What should I say,
Since faith is dead,
And truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay, nay, mistress.
I promised you,
And you promised me,
To be as true
As I would be;
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!



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—Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle

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The Background of the Solid South

DIXIE AFTER THE WAR. By Myrta Lockett Avary. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

THE eagerness with which our reading public buys nearly everything that is written about what we might properly term America's war and its aftermath explains the republication of Mrs. Avary's volume. At the time of its initial publication, it was an interesting and significant book, and much of its material was distinctly useful in giving the post-Reconstruction generation a better understanding of those stormy days of uncushioned change.

The best of the book is its personal narrative. At the end of the War Myrta Lockett was a little girl on "Lombardy Grove," a large plantation in Southern Virginia, at the crossing of thoroughfares which linked North Carolina and the Old Dominion. Thus her home was a focus for the heartsick, footsore soldiers making their way back to ruined farms and homes, and thereafter for judges, lawyers, and politicians traveling from courthouse to courthouse. So this little girl was for years at a post-war listening post; to her ears came the complaints, the grievances, the typical sagas of disaster of the prostrate South. Later she became journalist, editor, and author, and at the turn of the century began to mobilize her childhood memories and put on paper her personal recollections of the pathos and privations of those direful days in the desolated South. These personal records she supplemented by a tour of several Southern States collecting data on the Freedmen's Bureau, Negro schools, the old Ku Klux Klan, Black and Tan conventions, Reconstruction elections, and other phenomena in the twelve years between Lincoln and Rutherford B. Hayes.

When I first read the book about fifteen years ago, I found it quite a thrilling record of Reconstruction's evils. But I finished this present rereading with a feeling that did not altogether maintain my early enthusiasm. The main trouble is that Mrs. Avary has given only a partial view of the Reconstruction South. She chiefly reflects the experiences and attitudes of the ex-"slaveocracy"—the former owners of many slaves. In view of her background, it would have been next to impossible for her to do otherwise, and she must be acquitted promptly of any conscious purpose to limit or distort. The South's long-continued bitterness is popularly ascribed to its failure on the battlefield. Yet the evidence indicates that an overwhelming majority of the men who fought and lost returned home willing to accept the result and to go forward as loyal citizens of a reconstituted United States. Reconstruction, not Civil War, caused the chasm which for decades tempered reunion with bitterness and regret. In their efforts to reorganize overnight the whole structure of Southern society, the Reconstructors showed a naive and sophomoric sociology, a lack of understanding of the processes of successful adjustment, which was bound to cause their enterprise to fail.

Mrs. Avary gives us a graphic contemporary picture of these years of Southern travail and national disgrace. When one reads it, and others like it, one can readily understand the bitterness of the "unreconstructed Rebel" and the psychic background of the Solid South.

George Fort Milton, editor of The Chattanooga News, *is the author of "Eve of Conflict," a book on Stephen A. Douglas.*

Authors of the Week

Stuart Cloete

In addition to the information about Mr. Cloete given by the reviewer, a few particulars may be added. He was born in Paris forty years ago, and educated in England. In South Africa after the war, he managed a large cattle ranch on the Transvaal, and later ran a dairy farm near Johannesburg. To familiarize himself with writing he worked for five years at serials for London periodicals before he started his novel "The Turning Wheels." He hopes to write a series of novels about the Boers, bringing their history down to date.

Thomas H. Benton

Thomas Hart Benton is a Missourian born in Neosha in 1889. He left the Western Military Academy at Alton, Illinois, to work as a cartoonist in Joplin, Missouri. His career as a professional painter began in 1912. He has directed the Department of Painting in the Kansas City Art Institute since 1935. His most important murals have been done for the New School for Social Research, the Whitney Museum, and the Indiana Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

Meade Minnigerode

This writer, who has made many an excursion into history and biography, is a celebrated son of Eli, having graduated from Yale in 1910. He was born in England, and his earlier schooling was at Harrow. He comes however of an old Southern American family. During the war he was representative in France of the U. S. Shipping Board and also, as First Lieutenant, with the American Red Cross, with the A. E. F., and in service with the French Army. He received the French Commemorative Medal and French Victory Medal. He married in 1932 and lives today in Essex, Conn.

Albert Halper

Having worked seven nights a week for fourteen months on a post-office night-shift, Albert Halper resigned the moment they notified him of his promotion to a regular clerkship at increased wages. That was because he had taken the job only to "find himself" in relationship to life in general. Born in Chicago, August 3, 1904, he had drifted from job to job, some of which were: factory hand, office worker, salesman, jewelry clerk, and (which qualified him to write "The Chute") order picker in a mail-order house; just as his experience as shipping-clerk in an electrotype foundry enabled him to write "The Foundry."

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The New Books

Biography

TO A LONELY BOY. By Arthur Hopkins. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Hopkins is, of course, one of the notable American producers of our time. The inception of this book was in writing letters to the son of an old friend, a brave young man in hospital, suffering from an incurable disease, and apparently with talent as a composer. The purpose of the letters was to cheer and entertain. The book is warmly sympathetic and helpful when it touches upon experiences confided and questions asked by the recipient, and it leads Mr. Hopkins into a great deal of anecdotal reminiscence about his own life, his Welsh parents and background, his beginnings as newspaper reporter and press agent for vaudeville, his drift through booking for vaudeville into the production of plays. This is the main matter of the book, and full of lively interest. The vaudeville and theatrical recollections are interspersed with sound remarks about acting and directing. The earlier newspaper days feature Hopkins's "scoop" on the identity of Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley. Mr. Hopkins left journalism because he disliked making capital out of other peoples' sufferings.

This is a simple and honest chronicle. The producer finds the complete guide to acting and direction in Hamlet's speech to the players. He has given us the best summary of John Barrymore's great talent and limitation: "He was that rarest of phenomena, the actor who hated to act. . . . The creative part of the theatre he loved. Its repetition was unbearable."

L. C. H.

Fiction

GHOSTS. By Edith Wharton. Appleton-Century. 1937. $2.50.

Some years ago, of an evening when a group of friends got into the mood for ghost stories, the reviewer heard a now well known American novelist give, as his contribution, Edith Wharton's tale of the ghostly dogs in "Kerfol." The narrator recaptured its atmosphere acceptably, afterward acknowledging the author. More recently Alexander Woollcott has chosen Mrs. Wharton's "The Lady's Maid's Bell" for inclusion in his forthcoming "Second Reader." Both good stories, indeed, and both are in this volume; though the present reviewer thinks that "The Eyes," owing to its psychological significance, and "A Bottle of Perrier," because of its Arabian atmosphere, and perhaps also because of its perfectly reasonable and excessively grim explanation, are superior to the lady's tales of mere "fetches" and witches and letters from the dead.

If you like good ghost stories then, this is the book for you. Edith Wharton knew her craft. There is a short preface which discusses the art charmingly. Maybe you will like best poor young Rainer in "The Triumph of Night." The setting is excellent. And what is that peculiar green face looking over your shoulder?

W. R. B.

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS. By Caroline Gordon. Scribner's. 1937. $2.75.

This novel, which is really about the South, derives its title from a quotation out of "The Golden Bough" describing the baskets or pots filled with earth which were tended chiefly by women, and whose plants, fostered by the sun's heat, sprang up rapidly but, being rootless, soon withered away. The reader is to understand that the moral of the story is here implied: that the transitory satisfactions which come to the personages of the novel who have various love affairs are spiritual gardens of Adonis. The theme is nothing new, but the characters are vivid, the Southern setting gives a certain significance to the events, and the dialogue, especially that of the farm tenant group, is astonishingly "like." Miss Gordon catches the rhythms of lower class Southern speech accurately.

The difficulties of the book are two. The reader starts out confidently to follow the fortunes of Ote Mortimer as

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

these are interwoven with those of Mister Ben Allard, on whose plantation the Mortimers are temporarily domiciled. But about halfway through the novel Ote is forgotten for whole chapters while one reads about Jim Carter, who marries the daughter of a Southern manufacturer, and though at the end, the strands of interest are interwoven, the long disappearance of Ote and his troubles from the book makes it difficult to understand why the switch is made. Miss Gordon's intention was apparently to write a story involving three or four elements in Southern life, but the method of doing so does not seem too satisfactory.

The other difficulty is that despite the author's excellent equipment for writing a Southern novel, the story never quite plunges into those tragic depths of passion and defeat which makes Paul Green's read. Excellent though the writing is, the novel is competent narrative instead of becoming moving drama. It is thoughtful, intelligent, restrained; but it is never quite good enough to be memorable. It seems to illustrate a quality in American fiction which stands in the way of really supreme achievement—technical excellence in the details is made an unconscious substitute for the organic demands of art of the first order.

H. M. J.

Miscellaneous

BACKGROUND OF WAR. By the Editors of Fortune. *Knopf.* 1937. $2.50.

Those who aspire to some understanding of contemporary foreign events and like to acquire their knowledge as painlessly as possible would do well to read this collection of articles from *Fortune.* Here are passed in review the timidity and vacillation of British foreign policy, the tragedy of Spain, the paradoxes of the Third Reich, the rise and accomplishments of the French Popular Front, the business of modern warfare, and the contradictions of the Soviet Union. All the chapters are well written, and the subject matter is often illuminated with considerable penetration.

Probably the best part of the book is the opening chapter, which draws up a damning indictment of the recent foreign policy of Great Britain. The background of the Spanish civil war is also admirably sketched. Equally commendable is the section on the Soviet Union, which rightly rejects the facile conclusion that in the light of recent events the Soviets must now be regarded as a negligible military quantity. The same sane interpretation characterizes the chapter on modern warfare.

Somewhat less satisfactory are the sections on Germany and France. The article on the Third Reich does cast a revealing light on German psychology and avoids the usual mistake of regarding the Nazi state as a capitalist paradise. Yet it contains a number of errors of fact and some dubious interpretations. The economic picture is painted a little too dark, and the reasons for Germany's economic dilemma are nowhere adequately explained. Nor is it easy to agree with the offhand conclusion that "power rests largely with the Wehrmacht, which has a blank check to do what it pleases. . . ." As for the chapter on France, it overemphasizes the influence of the "economic and financial oligarchy" on French politics. At the same time it is too uncritical of the Popular Front government, whose financial ineptitude it largely overlooks.

J. C. DE W.

BRITTANY PATROL. By H. Wickliffe Rose. Norton. 1937. $3.50.

Germany lost the World War on the day in May, 1917, when Convoy No. 1 brought sixteen ships safe to England through the zone where submarines had sunk at least three of every other sixteen ships since February. Convoy threw her whole system of war out of gear by destroying the validity of the graphs that had promised the starvation of England before the weight of the American effort could be thrown into the scale.

The book is a gnat's eye view of convoy in operation by a man who was first a radio operator on an armed yacht of the inshore patrol, then a watch-officer of a deep-sea destroyer. Into the flow of his personal experiences (honestly presented as typical rather than having special value) he has woven all the incidents of the Biscay convoy fleet, boiled down out of personal interview and official report. It makes a rather odd whole, not well organized, uneven in tempo, but not at all bad reading, contributing to the still unwritten naval history of the world war much that is useful and a few things both important and new.

F. P.

Science

ATOMIC ARTILLERY. By John Kellock Robertson. Van Nostrand. 1937. $2.25.

Etymologically, an atom is something not to be cut by any means or manner; Dalton, its scientific sponsor, thought he had the fundamental natural unit. As every newspaper reader now knows, the uncuttable atom has been shredded into electron, proton, positron, neutron, and, possibly, negatron and neutrino, and a particulate photon has been added to its shadow. The several meanings of these entities however are not generally clear, and a book such as Professor Robertson has written, sketching in historical background and in boldest outline the current state of this "nuclear physics," should be a boon to the reader who has time to catch up on himself. In the relatively short space of about 170 wide-margined pages, a clear account of the nature and significance for physical theory of each of the entities is given, with no mathematics aside from an agreeable bit of elementary arithmetic, and in language which has the terseness and the charm we have come to expect of physicists.

With all of Professor Robertson's skill, it seems unlikely that any of us will be able, so to say, to take the electron to heart, but if we will or must keep up with science, we should be grateful for his summary classification.

J. R.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. was pleased by a letter shown us by the Circulation Department: from a subscriber in Tucson, Arizona, whose S.R.L. had somehow been interrupted in the mail. He writes: "Those damned double-crostics have gotten me down and I have gone to no little expense buying a thesaurus and now the magazine she no come. Besides, winter is coming on and we'll be snowbound so I need all the reading matter I can get." ☞Old Q. is so ignorant of the S.W. that he doesn't know whether they really have snow in Tucson or whether our subscriber is spoofing us. ☞It seemed to us that some of the reviewers (including our own) were a bit severe on Mr. Tarkington's *Rumbin Galleries,* which we found highly agreeable and amusing. Why is it that when Mr. Wodehouse writes a comedietta everyone cries Ye Olde Marster, and when Tark writes one—less hard-pushed in humor, to our taste—the critics all heighten their hats? ☞A book of the good old *Raffles* genre which we found excellent for bedtime was *Cavalier of Crime,* by Frank Hedley. It has real humor and grace of writing, how rare in crime stories. Presumably imported in sheets from England, which must account for some curious errors in the chapters about New York City—e.g., that our subways cost a dime. We hope Mr. Hedley really will make a transatlantic voyage some time, to correct some errata: e.g., that modern luxury liners burn coal and that New York pilots wear nautical raiment: they make a point of pride in not dressing like navigators. Mr. Hedley is so lively a writer that we should gladly welcome him. ☞The most attractive lot of little books for a Christmas stocking are the delightful miniature juveniles issued by that lively young firm Holiday House. In design, print, color-work and general make-up they are admirable. ☞Laetitia Bolton, formerly of Little, Brown, has joined Modern Age Books as publicity director. We are always glad to have a chance to pay homage to Miss Bolton for we like the way she spells her first name.

☞The happiest surprise Old Q. has experienced this autumn is Random House's one-volume edition of De Quincey—which gives us nearly 1200 pp. (excellently chosen and introduced by Philip Van Doren Stern) of the Opium Eater. This embraceable and muscular little book, printed and bound in Random House's usual good taste, costs $3.50 and goes to the top of our own private Christmas List. We hope it will come to the notice of that excellent club at Smith College, the P.D.Q.'s or Propagators of De Quincey. The autumn colors in De Quincey's mind were more brilliant than any other foliage of decay. Not to have tramped Oxford Street or ridden the Mail Coach with him is to have missed one of the finest frenzies of literature.

☞Edna Beilenson of the Peter Pauper Press and Evelyn Harter of Random House are about to publish a unique little volume, *Bookmaking on the Distaff Side.* The book is composed entirely of inserts contributed by women printers with a little page designed by Bruce Rogers. Among outstanding contents is a tribute by F. W. Goudy to his wife, the late Bertha Goudy. A few copies of the book are for sale at $10 for the benefit of the Institute of Graphic Arts; a small banquet in honor of women printers is to be held at the Park Lane, Nov. 12.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRIAL AND ERROR *Anthony Berkeley* (Crime Club: $2.50.)	By tremendous exertion odd Mr. Todhunter convinces jury that *he* killed vampirish actress, thus saving convicted man—but that's not all.	A brilliant idea (discover it for yourself) and expertly handled, but there *are* moments when it becomes a bit tedious.	For adepts
FENTON OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE *Michael Annesley* (Speller: $2.)	Lawrie Fenton, English secret agent in Poland, quenches—in blood—"plot for tearing asunder peace of Europe."	With a few new slants, such as bombing-raid finish, the same spy story that's been going round since the War.	Old stuff
AN EXCELLENT NIGHT FOR MURDER *Virginia Rath* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mysterious unknown found dead in hotel after expressing thoughts about deadly weather to Sheriff Allan. Trails lead to sacrosanct family.	Family squabbles of small-town aristocrats give zest to tale of double murder with a neat twist to final solution.	Acceptable
THE WIFE OF ELIAS *Eden Phillpotts* (Dutton: $2.)	Nasty old auntie disinherits newly-wed nephew. Bride shoots aged shrew but loving husband takes rap.	Not much mystery; primary grade sleuthing; but oceans of talk, and descriptions of English rural life.	Prosy

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"Something to Rave About"

Pity the Tyrant

By HANS OTTO STORM

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Terence Holiday wrote a feature review for the Sunday Herald Tribune BOOKS in which he said: "The delighted reader encounters two qualities rarely found together: a gift for characterizations sharp and sensitive, and an easy, colloquial, severely economical style."

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Herschel Brickell in the N. Y. Post is equally enthusiastic. "None I have seen in months can even touch Hans Otto Storm's strange tale. A book that is filled with genuine excitement, not only because of its exceptional merit as a piece of writing but because of its far-reaching significance. Deserves exceptional attention."

Sterling North (Chicago News) thinks it is "a brilliant answer to the Bridge of San Luis Rey. One of the most important books of the fall."

If all these critics can praise **PITY THE TYRANT** so enthusiastically you are bound to enjoy it, too, and will have the same exciting experience discovering this new author. Your bookseller may have a first edition left. $2.00

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Double-Crostics: No. 189

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-G	2-P	3-T		4-E	5-K	6-C	7-Y		8-V	9-R	10-M	11-H	12-W		13-P	14-B
	15-Y	16-T	17-G	18-P	19-B	20-O	21-U		22-P	23-C	24-S	25-N	26-I	27-R	28-K	
29-A		30-I	31-S	32-X	33-P	34-T	35-L	36-U	37-R	38-K	39-J		40-H	41-P	42-I	43-O
44-B	45-S	46-F	47-J	48-U	49-L		50-G	51-I	52-C	53-E		54-O	55-W	56-M	57-G	
58-C	59-Q		60-T	61-C	62-K		63-R	64-Y	65-L	66-V	67-D		68-U	69-S	70-F	71-Q
72-E	73-D	74-I	75-L		76-X	77-F	78-H	79-Q	80-Y	81-K		82-G	83-D		84-X	85-F
86-U	87-P	88-H	89-Q	90-T		91-D	92-G	93-Q	94-P	95-L	96-S	97-X		98-A	99-K	100-T
	101-A	102-E	103-N	104-J	105-M	106-Y	107-F	108-G	109-V		110-P	111-D	112-U	113-K	114-O	115-A
116-M		117-T	118-C		119-C		120-J	121-K	122-Y	123-V	124-F	125-T	126-B		127-F	128-T
129-C	130-N		131-A	132-G		133-X	134-E	135-G	136-C	137-L	138-D	139-A		140-A	141-E	
142-D		143-H	144-P	145-K	146-G	147-L		148-Y	149-U	150-Q	151-O	152-H	153-B	154-L	155-J	156-K
157-M		158-D	159-B		160-X	161-R	162-Q	163-I	164-N	165-O	166-V	167-U	168-B	169-P	170-H	171-J
	172-R	173-D	174-G	175-S	176-P											

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Suite (music).
B. Strengthen (a jury or court).
C. Inscribed on rocks.
D. Producing the sensation of taste.
E. Excessively (U. S.).
F. Comparatively small.
G. Violent revolutionist; Jacobin.
H. Walks like a child.
I. Free from fraud.
J. Throws forth.
K. Effusive.
L. Castle where King Arthur was born.
M. Queer; odd (slang).
N. Malicious grudging.
O. To or on the opposite side.
P. Son of Jonathan (Bib.).
Q. Public passenger vehicle.
R. Instigate.
S. Intimidate by threats.
T. Crude; unrefined.
U. Searching gaze.
V. River associated with Abbotsford.
W. Esker (geol.).
X. Offensive; obnoxious.
Y. Hebrew dialect.

WORDS

101	29	115	140	131	139	98						
168	14	159	19	153	44	126						
6	61	136	52	118	58	23	119	129				
67	142	91	158	173	111	83	73	138				
141	4	134	102	72	53							
85	127	46	107	124	70	77						
17	92	132	135	108	174	146	82	50	1	57		
152	78	11	40	170	88	143						
51	163	74	26	30	42							
47	104	171	39	155	120							
81	121	145	113	156	62	38	5	99	28			
49	95	65	35	154	75	137	147					
10	105	56	157	116								
103	164	25	130									
43	54	20	114	151	165							
144	33	22	2	87	169	13	94	110	41	18	176	
59	162	89	71	150	79	93						
37	9	63	161	27	172							
45	24	31	175	96	69							
117	34	125	60	128	100	16	90	3				
112	86	167	149	68	36	48	21					
166	8	123	109	66								
55	12											
133	84	97	76	32	160							
7	64	106	80	122	148	15						

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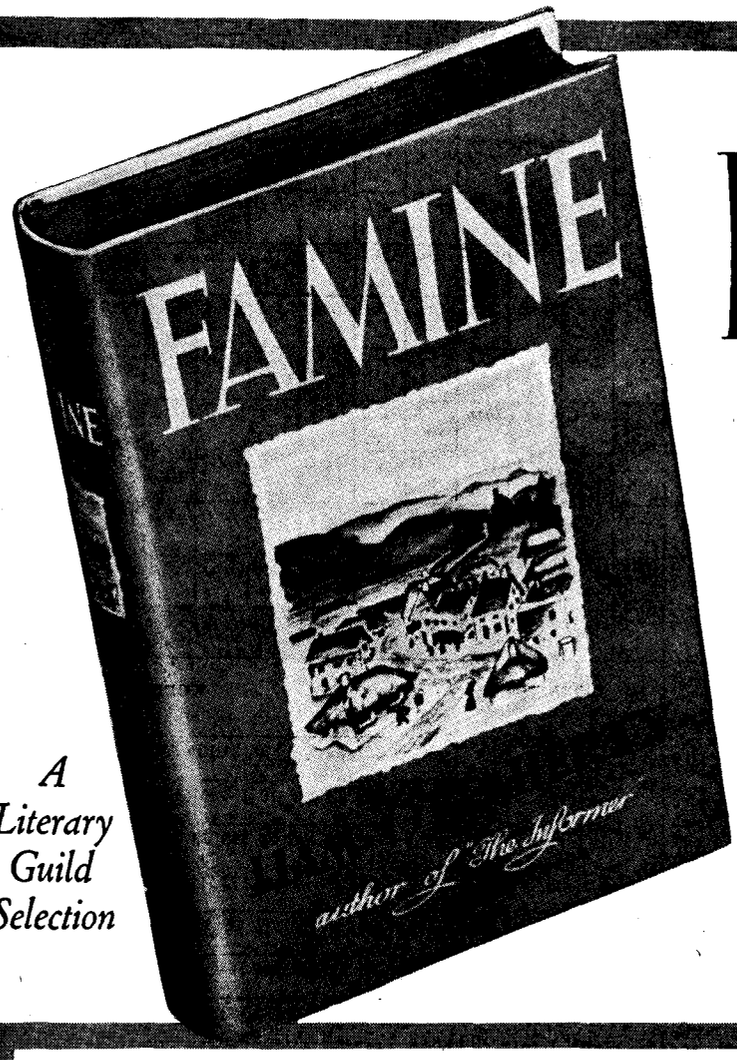

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